

Storia di amor den un boter cu lama a tira riba Eagle Beach

DOS aña pasa un amigo di mi a haya un boter cu lama a lastra y tira riba Eagle Beach na altura di hotel Costa Linda. Den e boter, bon lora den un tarheta funeral, tabatin un carta scirbi na man cu no a wordo completa ni firma.

Mi amigo a lesa e carta y e tarheta, el a lora nan atrobe, hinca tur cos bek den e boter, el a warda e boter den un cashi, y... lubid'e completamente. Recientemente mi a tende di e hayazgo accidental cu solamente sa sosode den pelicula y mi amigo a duna mi e carta pa mi lesa. E tabata un carta cu un hende muher a scirbi na su casa cu a fayece apenas un poco tempo pasa.

E viuda a bin beachnan di Aruba pa bisa ayo na su casa. Cu e carta el a habri su curazon cune pa un ultimo biaha y el a haya forsa recordando e amor intenso cu nan tabatin un pa otro y nan vida beyisimo cu nan a hiba hunto. E carta ta un storia di amor precioso yhopi impactante y mi kier a comparti'e cu bo, na ingles, manera cu el a wordo scirbi, sin cambia un palabra. Clyde R. Harms (clydeharms@setarnet.aw)

Your funeral is over, eulogies by the children, family and friends. Three months later I've come here to Aruba for our time to say goodbye.

The beach is where I always came to heal myself, my soul, or rejoice in life. You came to love it because I loved it and you found the peace that you searched so hard to find. I was able to share this with you, to teach you - a man of genius - something that was as simple as our faith and within our grasp.

The ocean is self-renewing, creating life from old wounds, even changing, by taking that which is discarded and creating beauty. Thus my constant search for seaglass on all the beaches in the world that we traveled. It's not important to know where it came from, what's important is

what became of it. This is true in life as well. The oceans carry stories of life that we will never know, were not meant to know. The ocean, the beaches will forever be a spiritual place for me and you.

I was delighted that day, years ago, when you said, "Honey, what's wrong with this crab? He's walking backwards." I thought at first you were joking, as you often did. But, I looked at your face and saw you were serious, so I explained that crabs always walk backwards.

I remember your questioning my love for being on the beach all times of the year and my telling you of the poem *Footprints*. During all of my life it's been the only constant and accessible place for me to go on my endless walks and to commune spiritually with God. After that, you too developed a fascination with the beaches, sea life and the ocean.

We shared so many ideals on life, family, spirituality and saw them through to the best of our ability. I often wonder what you saw in me that made you want to share your life with me. You were a genius - literally - (I found your life membership to MENSAs) - and I am not an intellectual at all. I'm intelligent, kind, humorous, spiritual, but not an intellectual. Yet you loved me so much, so deeply and it showed every day that we had together. When I was with you I wanted to be a better person - stronger, kinder, more giving. Being with you and becoming the person I could be is what I have done, and what has carried me through the last three months.

I was angry at the mess you left me with to deal with, but in a way, that's a gift, and called into play my strength. I always thought of you as the stronger of the two of us. I have felt you with me at times and it brings such peace. I still cry a lot from missing you so much. I never

knew that love could be this way. I never imagined that two independent, stubborn people could come to rely on each other, become so close, that they would look up at the same time and find each other's eyes across a crowded room, and smile. We both seemed to know when the other needed.

I miss holding your hand, snuggling, hugging, and most of all, dancing. The first time we went dancing you said, "OK, good, we fit." And we did. I loved dancing with you - it was non-verbal communication.

I hope that you knew how very much I loved you. I tried to show you to the best of my ability. I think you did know. You always seemed so perplexed by it. With you I shared so many "firsts" of a lifetime. I can't remember my life before you. I have no regrets - I loved you and I was loved by you - to the best. When you became ill I thought I would lose you then. But we had a wonderful gift of almost two years and we used it well.

I will take care of all of the kids - with all their issues, as I promised. I want to thank you for giving me so much - love, joy, laughter and acceptance. Everyday you made me laugh and it wasn't always easy. I miss our talking - about everything. There is so much that I miss about you - us, and for the rest of my life I will know what it is like to be truly loved.

When you died, the 'us' died too, but not the results of the 'being us.' Like with the ocean, my broken heart will result in something beautiful. No person could have what we shared and have only grief as a result.

I love you and I always will. That was, and always will be, just ours.

Good bye my love, until we meet again - in another time, another place - where we can dance, ...



• E potret di bahada di solo riba e tarheta funeral talbes a wordo saca na Eagle Beach mes